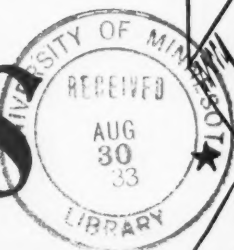


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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Vol. 66

September, 1933

No. 9

Now is the time for every lover of animals to come to the aid of the Humane Society.

Years ago Hiram Powers said: "The greatest need of America is more education of the heart." That statement was never truer than it is today.

The twentieth annual Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated next April, beginning with Humane Sunday, the 15th. What a marvelous growth this movement has enjoyed! It is now sponsored by practically every animal society in the country and is honored by special proclamation by the Governors of several states and the mayors of numerous cities.

What a sorry spectacle is that of Governor Robert H. Gore calling for special legislation in Porto Rico to legalize cock-fights. He is reported to advocate "an annual cock-fighting season with a picturesque carnival and gayly-garbed attendants," particularly to attract tourists from the United States. Will it need an avalanche of protests to stop such an outrage?

Five hundred delegates at the State Convention of the Connecticut Congress of Parents and Teachers unanimously passed a Resolution protesting "the making and showing of moving pictures of acts suggesting cruelty, acts actually portraying cruelty to animals, acts that can obviously be secured only by cruel practice and acts that portray animal cruelties among themselves accompanied by suffering and bloodshed."

The New German humane slaughter law, effective May 1 last, provides that warm-blooded animals must be stunned before being bled, and that the Minister for Home Affairs may decide that this provision shall also apply in the slaughtering of other animals. Exemption is made only in the case of emergency slaughtering. The penalty for infringing the provision is imprisonment for not less than six months or fine. Thus Germany again leads in this great reform.

"I'm Interested in Children"

Of course you are. Its greatly to your credit. Who, unmoved, could see a child suffer? But when you say, "Why spend money to save animals from suffering when little children are going hungry and half naked," then I answer, Because the majority of people feel just as you do. Out of every twenty people who are looking out for children, Mr. Angell used to say out of every hundred, only one feels the call to champion the cause of that vast world of animal life from time immemorial victims of man's greed, selfishness, and cruelty. The total of what they have suffered since man's cunning brought them under his control appalls the imagination of the man who dares think of it. Yet the greater part of their life of pain has been spent in the service of the very men who have subdued them to their tasks, enslaved them, subjected them without pity to their service and their pleasure, overworked them, heedless often of back or shoulders raw from galling sores, underfed them, beaten them, exploited them in a thousand ways.

Are you and I under no obligations to them? Until these latter days they did their full part to build our highways, our cities, our schools and colleges, our libraries, our hospitals, our homes. By every law of right and justice they must claim from each thoughtful man and woman of even common decency, consideration, gratitude, justice and compassion. Millions today are glad to have them killed that they may eat them; glad to have them bred that they may be warmed from the fleece sheared from their backs; glad to have them robbed of their furry skins by torturing traps that they may adorn their persons with them; glad to have them experimented upon that by the secrets won from their dissected bodies human life may win a few more days out of the dreaded future.

"Interested in children. No interest in animals?" Why not be interested in all that can suffer? Yes, the child comes first. But can there be no second in our thought, in our response to suffering, in our consciousness of gratitude for service rendered to humanity and to ourselves? And, then, can

anyone deny the statement that the measure of the fineness, the worth of our own natures, is the breadth of our sympathy with all that shares with us the great gift of life? Is it not true that just so far as societies founded to better the lot of animals have widened the spirit of kindness, fair play, compassion, they have blessed every man, woman and child they have reached? Back upon the soul comes with golden flood the ennobling and refining power of every generous, unselfish deed done for another, be it man or beast or bird.

Give, give anything—justice, love, kindness, mercy, friendship, and it shall be given unto you—and this whether you give it to the least or greatest of life's children. Who will read these words? Few save those who do not need them.

Please Read This

Some time ago military training in our schools and colleges was under discussion in Congress. The Hon. Ross A. Collins of Mississippi, member of the sub-committee on war appropriations, said:

"I agree with Major General Charles P. Summerall that citizens' military training camps are worthless as a military organization. Not a single farmer boy of this country can take a course in agriculture unless he is forced to take military training, except at the University of Wisconsin; and in many regions no boy can take a mechanical course without being forced to take military training. I want the citizens' military training camps abolished because they are worthless, and I want to make the Reserve Officers' Training Corps optional in the colleges and universities of the country. War? Oh, no, we do not want it."

Why, then, do our schools and colleges keep on educating in military mindedness?

Mr. George Arliss, called "the autocrat of Hollywood," is opposed to the trapping of animals. If any artist in his films wants to wear fox or chinchilla it must be synthetic, according to a writer in the *Daily Mail* of London.

The Fox and the Lady

AGNES K. CARRUTH

*A lady sought the fox one day
And told him she was sent
To wipe an age-old feud away.
For man desired peace so they
Must make a covenant.*

*"Madam," the fox replied, "come in,"
And pushed aside a boulder.
"But first," he added, with a grin,
"Will you remove my father's skin
Which hangs upon your shoulder?"*

Shall We Accept Dog Racing?

L. E. EUBANKS

BEGINNING in California, dog racing threatens to become popular in many Pacific Coast cities. In Seattle, Wash., its promoters waited only for the state decision in favor of horse racing; then construction of a dog track was immediately started.

About the only thing that could be said for dog racing is that it is less cruel than that other form of coursing wherein live rabbits are used. Since a mechanical rabbit is to do the running in the more modern sport (?), we will not, at these tracks, have to witness the sight of two dogs playing tug-o'-war with an exhausted, terror-stricken little animal.

Racing any animals under conditions which permit betting is almost certain to be more or less cruel; because as soon as there exists a pecuniary reason for winning some men will see to it that the opponent's animal is "fixed." Various types of such fixing have already appeared in dog racing. We have only to reflect on the "crookedness" of horse racing to understand the possibilities for unfair and cruel measures with the dogs.

Some persons argue that the dogs enjoy it. Perhaps the winners do; but I have known dogs to be abused by their masters because they lost a race. They did not enjoy it, nor those that were crippled in some way by bribed handlers and had to run when doing so gave pain.

Without going into details, thinking people know that permitting such things is a step backward. Its effect on our youth is all for the bad; any influence that fosters gambling and disregard for the feelings of dumb animals is bound to be pernicious.

Why should the minority rule? As yet only a small percentage of the people favor dog racing; so let us try to squelch it as promptly as possible; enough public disapproval will ban it.

The talk of individual rights sounds good; but when a comparatively small class gets its "rights" to a questionable amusement that affects us all deleteriously—then the welfare of the majority demands opposition. I would not want a boy of mine to get interested in racing and the character dangers that go with it; neither would you; and the sporting people have no right to disregard our desires in so vital a matter. I'm taking a determined stand against this menace, and I hope every reader of this article will do so.



TOO OFTEN SUCH CAPTIVES ARE
SEEN IN CRAMPED CAGES AT ROAD-
SIDE STANDS

The Man Who Realized

OSCAR H. ROESNER

FOUR weeks Clark Clemans lay flat on his back on a sick bed, staring up at the ceiling of a small room as the long, long days crawled slowly by. For a vigorous outdoors man of the California Sierras this was a new and galling experience. He had never before realized what confinement day after day in a narrow room, shut completely away from the great outdoors he loved so well, really meant. But he was fully convinced long before the four weeks were up that forced confinement was something decidedly trying and unpleasant for man or beast, but especially so for a beast once used to roaming the wild.

And when Clemans got out of that prison of a room and back to his place of business in the free, fresh air, he did not forget his thoughts, especially as they related to the beast. So the very first thing he did was to open the door of a cage there and let the wildcat, he had kept confined as an attraction for the tourists stopping at his service station, go its own free way again into its native wild. The poor beast, he figured, must feel each day in that cage much as he had when cooped up in that hated room—and he wanted no more of that for himself or even for a beast of the wild.

Dogs—Just Dogs

BETH CHURCH

IT was a typical matinee audience, gathered in Hollywood's famous Chinese Theater for the first showing of "Cavalcade." As I sank into my red-leather chair I remarked to my neighbor, a pretty and intelligent girl, "Well, I suppose I shall cry my eyes out over this. War pictures always make me cry." And I have lived through all the harrowing years of cavalcade myself, many of them under the English flag.

I do not remember now whether the picture made me cry or not. The thing that sears my memory is a trained-animal act that was included in the Prologue. As a rule I avoid theatres that mix up vaudeville with motion pictures, but Cavalcade was a picture not to be missed, and I had hoped that the famous prologues associated with this theater might taboo animal stunts.

Not so. I presently found myself shuddering at the marvelously performed acrobatics of a set of dogs, realizing only too vividly the intensity and kind of training that must have gone to produce that unnatural perfection. The audience loudly applauded every feat, as their prototypes doubtless applauded the doomed gladiators in the Roman arena.

The climax of the act came when a small white dog, having gone faultlessly through his other paces, was flung up into the air by his trainer, and caught on his extended palm. On this hand the little animal balanced himself on one silky paw for an appreciable number of seconds, head down, tail straight up in the air. The applause was vociferous.

I don't know just what I said under my breath, but my neighbor looked startled. She had been clapping enthusiastically. "Doesn't that make you suffer?" I demanded indignantly. Apparently such an idea had never yet entered her mind. She continued to regard me at intervals with frank curiosity.

When some acrobats began to do their stuff, she remarked, "I suppose you'll mind this, too?"

"No," I answered. "I don't enjoy dangerous stunts, but at least, these people do it of their own free will."

"What about those 'Barkies' that one of the studios has been making?" she presently asked.

"Pitiful!" I responded with whole-hearted emphasis. "A dog has too much natural dignity to be made to act like a silly human being. But, of course, dressing them up in ridiculous clothes and teaching them to bark or whine as an invisible actor utters their supposed sentiments, does not involve any real cruelty. Their owners value their services and their naturalness, which is as indispensable for animals on the screen as for persons, too highly to permit any abuse."

"Well," she observed, "I guess I never thought about it before."

The house-fly has about 4,000 eye-lenses, the cabbage butterfly and the dragonfly about 17,000, and some species of beetle have 25,000.

When a small part of a limb of a tarantula (spider) is injured the creature will bite off the rest of the limb up to the breaking point, to aid growth of the new part.

Wildcats in the Olympics

HAZELANA GOODWIN

IN the nation's last wilderness, the Olympic Mountains, there are many wildcats, unique with their short "bob-tails." They are classed as predatory animals, but they are as harmless as house-cats, and no more destructive to wild life. Few venture near enough to civilization to do any amount of damage.

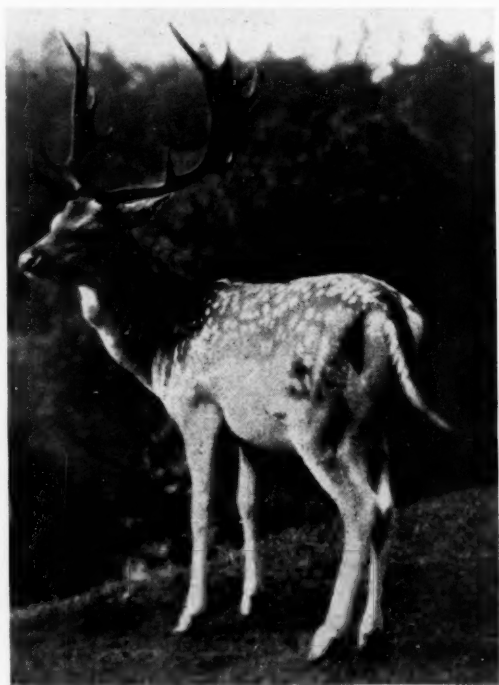
Because of their beautiful soft fur, their pelts are coveted for trophies, or for rugs, and it is not unusual for a hunter to kill several in a season. In a two-year period a total of \$3,165 was paid in bounty on wildcats, most of which were caught in steel traps, and then shot. They are condemned because they feed on quail, pheasant, squirrels, etc., which are plentiful and far outnumber the wildcats.

A full-grown male wildcat weighs from forty to fifty pounds, and greatly resembles a domestic tomcat. They live in the heart of the mountains, far from civilization, and hide their lairs deep in the forest, or in caves among the cliffs.

These mountain wildcats are to be greatly pitied, for they have perhaps the most enemies of any of the forest creatures. Timber wolves, coyotes, and other predatory animals besiege them, dogs and hunters seek to slay them. Often the animal's forepaw is mangled and broken by a steel trap hidden in the ferns, which still grips it to hold the poor wildcat fast until the hunter shoots it through the head.

If a starfish is cut into segments each piece will grow into a perfect starfish.

When a horned toad is being swallowed by a serpent it often twists its head so that the spines on its neck fatally cut the snake.



A DEER ASSUMES A DIFFERENT COLOR WITH EACH CHANGE OF THE SEASONS

Deer Wisdom

SILVERQUILL

AN uncanny wisdom seems to be over, in, and through everything in Nature, but in few places is this weird intelligence more fascinatingly manifest than in the lives and habits of deer.

A special kindness seems to rest upon these beautiful creatures. Their vision is keen to the point of wizardry; their sense of smell surpasses that of the bloodhound, and their methods for preserving their lives are often amazing.

As a rule deer assume a different color with each change of the seasons. This is a very mysterious thing, but one which fits them perfectly into the color scheme of their habitat. In May and June they turn a brick red, and their hair becomes scanty and long. About October they pass into the "short blue." At this time they are nearly the color of a mouse, and their coat is very short. By December they have changed again to the "short gray." This thickens rapidly as winter advances, takes on a lighter cast, and the hair becomes very brittle.

Each of these changes agrees with the growths and foliage of the time when it takes place, making it quite difficult to detect the animals if they are seeking to conceal themselves. The red matches splendidly the ardent shimmer of the early summer sun on the young leaves and flowers, and the mazy meshes of thicket and glade. The blue blends happily with the sober hues of autumn, when the weeds wither and the smaller growths take on a serious ripeness, while the gray complements the withered grass and naked groves. The horns of the male deer, like those of the elk and moose, are grown each year between the months of May and September. The rapidity of this antler development is nothing short of marvelous, and some conception of it may be had when it is stated that an elk's horns often reach a length of six feet, while those of an old moose may attain a spread of sixty inches, or more.

The buck drops his antlers in February and March, not always at the same time. They separate from the head exactly as a leaf leaves its tree. A prong is added for each year till the animal is six years old, after which the continuity is generally broken.

At first the horns are mere clubby growths, covered with a sort of skin, which is so tender that it may be torn with the fingernail. Gradually the branches form, the prongs appear, and at last the antlers have come to full growth. From the beginning to maturity they are covered with a tawny, snuff-colored down called "velvet," the sixteenth of an inch in length. Toward the last of August the bucks seek the open glades where the sun will have a chance to ripen their horns. In late September and early October they rub this skin and velvet off on the bushes and polish their prongs to tragic sharpness. They are then ready for combat. The modes of battle between

these lords of the wild is a mutual rush which brings them into a head-on crash, in which their horns often become locked. Pairs of gladiators have been found in this condition where one was dead and the other scarcely able to remain standing, yet he was still striking his dead foe with his feet. A case is known where the deer which had expired had been devoured by wolves, while the one still alive had kept them off with the slashing lightning still left in his hind feet.

The does and bucks separate in May and do not meet again till late October. The former select some woody canon or valley margin, where there are lush meadows and dense thickets, and there they rear their fawns. It is stated as a fact that these dainty little creatures have no scent by which either hound or wolf may detect their presence.

The bucks choose higher ground, as a rule, with a fine eye for several very important things. In this way the deer population is distributed over a vast territory during the summer. One seldom, if ever, finds more than two bucks together during this time.

To begin with, a buck looks well to his food supply. He eats very little grass but is decidedly fond of tender weeds, flowers and shoots. When the seeds ripen in his locality he consumes much of this wild grain because he seems to know he will put on fat thereby, a thing he appears to understand he will need in the mating season when he eats almost nothing and rambles day and night.

Then the region of his summer home must have several springs where he can quench his thirst. It would never do to drink at the same place each time. Cougars, too, are wise. So are hunters. Therefore, one night the buck visits a certain fountain, taking every precaution to hide his trail, and the next he will go to a stream a mile and a half away. By this process of rotation he escapes any trap his enemies might set for him.

The buck uses the same good sense in the matter of his beds. By no means does this wise old monarch sleep in the same place each day. Deep in some thicket, where the ground is moist and cool, he digs a bed. A mile or more away he makes another. Somewhere else he makes a third or a fourth. Then he rotates among these secret hiding-places where he spends the day, for during the summer a deer always feeds at night.

These beds are usually about three and a half feet wide and five in length, and if made where the hill is more or less steep may have quite a bank on one side. In selecting these shadowy retreats the buck shows a marvelous wisdom. There is always a dense, over-hanging growth on the upper side, so that it is utterly impossible for the animal to be seen from that direction. The place, too, must be sufficiently open to permit the free circulation of air currents, and there are always several avenues of escape. Usually these lead to some deep, forested gorge or series of canons where the deer will have every protection.

Lying in these damp, sunless nooks the buck always sees and hears his enemy first.

During the summer, when the bucks are putting on heavy deposits of tallow, they ramble very little, and are wholly at peace with each other. Then, they are always found within running distance of some stream or lake to which they can go if wounded or pursued. Flank déep in the water a buck will make his last stand, drowning a wolf with his feet or tearing him with his horns.

Once established a buck will stick stubbornly to his locality, refusing to leave it unless driven to dire extremities. If chased he will run in wide circles which will bring him back to where he started. Often they will lie smugly in their beds while a hunter passes within a few yards of them. Also they will crouch in some thicket and watch the eyes of a man, and the instant they know they have been discovered they are gone like a thunderbolt.

A buck never feeds close to one of his beds. As twilight deepens into dusk he leaves his retreat and comes cautiously to the edge of the dense growth where he has spent the day. There he hovers for a time, tasting the air for warning odors and listening; for a deer can catch the snapping of a twig by a cautious foot at a distance of several hundred yards.

Convinced that all is well, the buck moves off at a rapid pace in the direction he has chosen to feed that night. His choice always includes a spring at which he may drink twice before he hides for the next day. As he leaves his bed the deer observes the strictest caution to hide his tracks by stepping on stones, sods—anything which keeps a print from being made, or he turns his hoofs straight down and uses the points of them, leaving a mark in the ground very much as if one should press two fingers into the dust.

Once on his feeding-ground the buck throws off all such caution and literally covers the locality with spoor as if he wished it to be seen. But only a tyro would expect to find the buck anywhere near such an exhibition of his existence. A buck, in the summer time, is never very close to where he makes a considerable number of tracks. Usually he is located just where one is not looking for him.

When approaching his bed—a different one, of course—the deer will again use the greatest caution in covering his footprints in the manner already mentioned, so that it is almost impossible to follow him to his hiding place. But in late autumn all this changes.

In September, or early October, certain bucks seem to be selected by the others to go forth and spy out the land. At such times these mysterious ramblers will go far from their summer retreats, visiting the low, treeless foothills and settlements, the trails and the passes, after which they vanish as suddenly as they came. This is a very baffling bit of deer wisdom.

When a hunter comes very close and drives a buck out of his hiding-place the animal will dash away, keeping some tree, or object between them, which generally makes it impossible to secure a shot. When followed till they are exhausted a group of deer will scatter each for himself, a method of escape used by all gangs of Western outlaws.

No man is free while one for freedom
yearns.

JOHN DRINKWATER

The World's Tallest Animal

ELIOT KAYS STONE

IF giraffes did not exist, it would be difficult to convince anyone that such odd-looking creatures could live and move and have their being. Pictures of them seem more like an artist's caricature. These African animals have been known for a long time. Several of the ancient writers mention them, and they are accurately outlined on the various monuments of ancient Egypt.

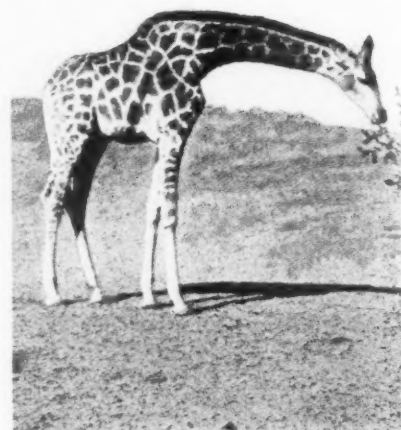
Before the giraffe was thus named, it was known as the camelopard. The earliest mention I can find of the giraffe under that name is that by a certain Baumgarten, who in Cairo, Egypt, in 1507, "on the 26th of October, in that year, on looking out at a window," observed "the Ziraphus, the tallest creature that he ever beheld..." To the Arabians this animal was a *zarafa* or *zaraf*, which become "giraffa" or "giraffe" in most European languages.

These singular-looking animals are well adapted to the country in which they live and are consequently well distributed throughout the interior of South Africa. The herds vary in numbers from twelve to even thirty and forty individuals, but sixteen may be taken as the average. "These herds," Capt. Cumming asserts, "are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining to a height of upwards of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature, and more delicately formed than the males, the height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet."

Their markings, so conspicuous in a circus-tent or on a city street or a treeless plain, are what render them inconspicuous in their native forests, and are a remarkable example of what naturalists of today call "protective coloring," or the scheme of coloring that renders an animal not easily seen in its natural environment. So well adapted to tree-grazing is the giraffe that it can only reach the grass to crop it by spreading apart its front legs.

The giraffe is a dainty and fastidious feeder, preferring the leaves of the Kameeldorn or camel-thorn (*Acacia giraffae*), to any other. It most carefully rejects every thorn, and plucks with its tongue only the greenest and tenderest leaves. In captivity, when furnished cut-grass, it devours but one blade at a time, nibbling it daintily from tip to stem, and casting aside all but the tenderest portion. It is also fed hay, carrots, onions, and other vegetables. Its long, slender, prehensile and contractile tongue is admirably adapted for procuring its favorite food. It is so flexible that the giraffe can thrust the tip of it into a tiny hole. It is very fond of exercising its tongue, which sometimes proved embarrassing in the days when ladies adorned their hats or bonnets with artificial flowers, fruits, and vegetables, as the giraffe seized these objects. A giraffe frequently pulls out a hair from the mane or tail of a companion and swallows it inch by inch—a rather difficult accomplishment as the hair of a camelopard is often four feet long.

Sir Samuel Baker agrees with Capt. Cumming in that "there is no animal so pic-



THE GIRAFFE BROWSING

turesque in his native haunts..." He further informs us that the hoof is as beautifully proportioned as that of the smallest gazelle and his lengthy legs and short back give him every advantage for speed and endurance.

The natives not only hunt the animal, but dig pits for it. These are about ten feet deep and proportionately wide, with a wall or bank of earth six or seven feet in height bisecting them. When a giraffe breaks through the material covering the pit, it lands upon its belly on this wall, and is thus suspended from the ground and cannot possibly escape. The meat is good, and the Hottentots hunt the giraffe for its marrow which is esteemed as a delicacy. Its skin is very thick, and makes excellent leather. From the leaves on which it feeds it gives off a scent which Capt. Cumming compares to that of a hive of heather honey.

Gentle and tractable as the giraffe is in captivity, revealing a real affection for its keeper, it is not helpless before its enemies, keeping its head high and raining such swift and deadly blows with its hoofs that even the lion shrinks from the encounter, unless able to catch the animal unaware, when its superior strength and ferocity overpower the giraffe.

While the front legs of the giraffe appear to be so much longer than the hind ones, they are really of the same length. It is the great elongation of the shoulder-bone which so elevates the back in front. The neck, though extremely long, has but seven vertebrae, the usual number; these however, are tremendously elongated. The two horns which add to their grotesque appearance are not true horns, but bone developments, "somewhat similar to the bony cores on which the hollow horns of the oxen and antelopes are set." They are covered with skin and each is tipped with a tuft of dark hair.

People who should know claim that the giraffe is "a silent animal," uttering no cry even in the throes of death.

The Dying Deer

SILVERQUILL

Oh, Child of the willow! Sweet guest of the glade!
 I watch by you dying alone in the shade;
 The flowers around you are darkened and dyed
 By the veins which are torn in your beautiful side.
 There's a stain on the trail; there's a hue in the fountain;
 My rifle has spoke—there is death on the mountain.
 We never were foemen, ah! why should I kill thee?
 Warm current of innocence—why should I spill thee?
 Hot drops of regret rush unasked to my eye
 As I lean on my rifle and wait till you die.

'Tis not such a death where the jeweled and proud
 Are called to sigh over some shape in its shroud;
 Those lids of hysteria all empty though wet,
 Which glisten a moment then haste to forget,
 But here where the laurel in beauty is dressed,
 And the aspens like mourners together are pressed,
 Bright bloom for your pillow; the moss for your bed;
 The grass for your shroud and the fern for your head,
 With no tear save my own, and the drops from the brier,
 I stand o'er you fallen and watch you expire.

Ah! Nature will miss you by stream and lagoon,
 Where you polished your horns by the light of the moon.
 Dumb sufferer dying—thrice beautiful thing,
 That could bound from the heath like a bird to the wing;
 What harm in your roaming the shadowy glen?
 Or bending the flags in the cool of the fen?
 Or quenching your thirst from the white rushing stream
 Which sings like a nymph where the cool birches dream?
 I would I had left you to roam at your will
 As free as the winds which play over the hill;
 Or, had you but wronged me, then well might I claim
 Without pang in my bosom your breast for my aim,
 And yet for all these—wounds, anguish and death,
 Not a sound of complaint save a gasping for breath.

How cruel the frenzy which bade me destroy,
 Which drove me to maim you and count it a joy;
 To take from your eyes all their liquid repose;
 Now I watch their flame fade as they quivering close,
 And wish for the magic much boasted of yore
 Their gleam to bring back and their light to restore.

Johnny Woodchuck

WALTER A. DYER

A FEW years ago a neighbor's boy came hurrying up to my house to tell me that there was a woodchuck in my stone wall and to ask me if he might have him. Woodchucks often take refuge in our old stone walls and betray their presence by an angry whistling when disturbed—a sound that drives dogs almost frantic.

"What do you want him for?" I asked.

"To eat," he said.

I knew he belonged to a poor family, and I also knew that woodchuck meat was not despised in certain quarters at the right time of the year. Still, I was skeptical. All mankind wages war on woodchucks, for reasons some of which are perhaps justifiable, and doubtless this boy had grown up in the belief that it was a virtue to kill one. But I suspected that he merely desired the "sport" of killing a woodchuck.

"How do you plan to get him?" I asked.

"Pull down my stone wall?"

"We may have to take out a few stones," said he, "but we'll put them back again."

"And then how will you get him?"

"With a hog hook." (A hog hook, by the way, is a murderous looking device that is used by local farmers, when they butcher a hog, to lift the carcass out of the tub of boiling water into which it is plunged.) "Father always uses a hog hook. It ain't hard when you know how. You stick it in between the stones, get a hold on the 'chuck, and haul him out. Then you knock him on the head. It's the easiest way."

The process thus cold-bloodedly outlined turned me sick. "No," said I, "you leave that woodchuck in the wall."

"He'll eat up your garden," argued the boy.

"I'll take a chance on that."

I have had dogs that killed woodchucks and brought them proudly up to the house to show me, and I have not blamed them. It is their nature, and to be truthful I have not been sorry to get rid of an animal that is too often an exasperating pest, but ever since I had that picture presented to me of hauling one of the frightened creatures out of a stone wall by means of a sharp hook, I have felt differently about them.

So far as I know the woodchuck serves no useful purpose in agricultural economy. He is reckoned a vermin. He spends a good deal of his time in slothful slumber and comes out of his den when it suits him to feed off the farmer's crops. More than once woodchucks have committed depredations in our garden. In a few minutes one can destroy a whole row of young cauliflowers or cabbages or maturing beans. We have to fight them by some means or other, but we do not have to hate them or to delight in murder. That, it has always seemed to me, lies at the bottom of the humanitarian point of view. There should be no unnecessary cruelty and no joyous killing.

The woodchuck, or ground hog as he is sometimes called, is a heavy thick-set rodent of a rusty gray color with short legs and a short, bushy tail. When full grown he may measure two feet in length. He is a vegetarian and a hibernator. In the autumn he stores up an immense amount of fat and sleeps all winter in his den.

I have forgotten how many years a wood-



chuck is supposed to live, barring accidents, but I have often thought that few animals see less of life. He knows only three seasons—spring, summer, and autumn. Not only does he sleep soundly all winter, but he spends much of his time in slumber even in summer. He comes forth to feed usually in the morning and again toward sundown. He often comes out also in the middle of the day, but apparently to sun himself rather than to eat. He seems to be able to get plenty in a short time.

Lazy though he is, the woodchuck is tremendously industrious when he digs his hole, and he can fight, too, when cornered. His teeth are sharp and his thick skin is a great protection, and it takes a clever dog to dispatch him. The hide of the old ones is so tough that not even buckshot will pierce it except at close range. But the woodchuck prefers not to fight. He has learned how to avoid his enemies, clumsy though he is, and he has few worries.

Some woodchucks live in the woods and deserted pastures where they cause the farmers no trouble. These fellows are faster and live a more varied existence than those of the farms, and they seldom grow as fat. Last year my dog discovered one on the high branch of a pine tree in our woodlot. Did you know that woodchucks could climb trees? I never did before. This 'chuck lay quiet and played possum all that day. The next day he was gone.

The woodchuck is my enemy. Or perhaps I had better say that his aims in life happen to run counter to mine, and I suppose my aims are more important than his. And yet, with all his faults, I like the indolent, lumbering rascal. I have a certain respect for him. Stupid as he appears, he has usually wit enough to save his tough hide. And I like to see him waddling across my fields. He adds life to our landscape and he is one of the few wild animals that it has been my privilege to know at all intimately. He is self-contained and self-reliant, and with all his awkwardness and lack of beauty there is a sort of dignity about him. I can forgive him much and I refuse to have him murdered for "sport" if I can help it.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

To Work for Humaner Methods in Slaughtering Food Animals

WE have heard recently of what may prove a nation-wide movement to bring about such methods in the slaughtering of our food animals as will reduce their sufferings to the least possible degree. It is to secure the pledge of thousands of people to cut down their consumption of meat at least 10 per cent until such methods are employed in the slaughter-houses of the country. Something has been done by some of the packing-houses of the land toward humaner methods, but the progress has seemed too slow to satisfy the members of the humane organizations of the country.

This movement is similar to one already started in Europe and which has enlisted much co-operation and support.

The Motoring Dog

Under this title a dog owner, and we are sure a dog lover, writes to the *Boston Traveler* the following excellent letter:

Many dogs nowadays are motorists, and it is worth while for their owners to bear in mind a few little points that make or mar the motoring dog's enjoyment:

(1) Always carry a drinking vessel in the car for the dog's use. Dogs need plenty of water.

(2) Never leave a dog in a parked car if it can be avoided. They are unnecessary as guards in a proper parking place. On the rare occasions when it is felt that a dog must be left in a car, see that the vehicle is in the shade (making due allowance for the changing position of the sun) and that ample ventilation is given. Quite a number of dogs have been suffocated through neglect of these precautions.

(3) The fondness of dogs for leaning out of a car window to catch the breeze should be discouraged. It is the cause of a considerable amount of eye trouble.

DOG OWNER

Boston

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

The Abandoned Cat

THE heartlessness of it! Yet it is done year by year by literally thousands of people all over the country. People, too, who would be quite insulted if told they were deliberately or heedlessly cruel—yes, violators of the law. Who do we mean? The people who heartlessly will drive away from their summer camp or cottage and leave their cat behind to shift for itself through fall and winter. Near relatives to these people are those who leave their city or town places of residence in the early summer for some country resort. Read this from the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

Go out to the Pound, you selfish, hard-hearted, inconsiderate people who abandon cats, and look into the lonesome faces—faces of left-over cats, deserted cats. There are 1,905 of them. Count 'em. More than 1,900 cats whose owners have just beat it out of town and left the poor animals to starve or die from thirst. The City Pound has collected them and is keeping them, hoping the owners will come for them. There are hundreds more scuttling through streets and alleys that the Pound has not yet captured.

The Pound has only 417 dogs, but it has 1,905 cats and every cat is an indictment against some person living in San Francisco. That's a nice Fourth of July thought to mull over.

If this is true of San Francisco, think of what the story would be if to this number were added all the other unfortunate cats of all the other cities and towns in the United States. To call the attention of our readers to this is to do what too many preachers have to do, preach to sinners before an audience of—at least supposedly—saints.

Kind Words for Our Pictures

Under the caption, "Perfect Animal Photos," a writer in the *Press*, Bristol, Conn., has this to say about our July issue:

I have been using a camera for years and manage to secure passably good pictures, but never have I been able to secure such perfect ones of animals as those that appear in *Our Dumb Animals* of Boston, a publication devoted wholly to the interests of animals and the stimulation of sentiment on the part of humans that makes for consideration of them. I know of no other publication that in this specialty is superior to O. D. A. The half-tone plates and the printing are of course superb, but this necessitates perfect photographs to begin with. I would suggest to any one interested that they look up the July issue, just out, and take a look at the cover picture, "Her Staunch Protectors," and "Their First Picture," on page 109. One cannot help admiring them for their artistry, human interest and technical perfection.

Both the pictures referred to above came to us from Mr. E. D. Putnam, well-known photographer of Antrim, N. H.

Rabbits and other small animals are slow in learning to cross highways cautiously. They misjudge the speed of automobiles, and they are bewildered by the glare of headlights. Even birds in flight are frequently victims of the speeding autos.

Annual Humane Convention

PREPARATIONS are rapidly being completed for the annual meeting of the American Humane Association at Hartford, Conn., October 10, 11 and 12. It will be the first convention to be held in Hartford, where the Connecticut Humane Society will act as hosts. Headquarters will be at Hotel Bond where all the sessions will be held.

Tuesday forenoon and afternoon and evening and Wednesday morning will be given over to the children's work, while Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning and afternoon will be devoted to problems connected with animal work. On Wednesday evening there will be a dinner at which Charles A. Goodwin, president of the Connecticut Society, will preside. The chief speaker will be Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Among those who will address the Convention on various phases of animal protection work will be Dr. Robert S. MacKellar, chairman of the executive committee of the American Veterinary Medical Association, New York City; Miss Frances E. Clarke, director of humane education, American S. P. C. A., New York; Edward A. Preble of the American Nature Association; Mrs. E. T. Simondetti whose subject is "The Progress of Animal Work in Italy;" M. W. Skipper, general secretary of the Maryland S. P. C. A., Baltimore; Dr. W. A. Young, veterinarian, Animal Rescue League, Boston; Miss Blanche Weiss, assistant secretary, Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia; J. Seth Jones, general manager, Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford; W. J. Dethloff, superintendent, Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee; and Mrs. Blanche Scott Lee, general manager, Humane Society of Southwestern Iowa, Council Bluffs.

Captive Animals Again

An interested correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals* requests that we call attention to the number of unfortunate captive animals at Atlantic City, N. J. These are found on the piers and at gasoline stations. The case of a chained bear "out in the boiling sun all day long with nothing but a hard pavement and a tiny house to lie in," particularly distresses humane observers. Unhappily, Atlantic City is not the only place where these poor animals are to be seen, exploited for financial gain. Usually the keepers are just within the law so that humane societies cannot produce sufficient evidence to prosecute. Perhaps if enough visitors to Atlantic City would protest to the local Chamber of Commerce, threatening to withdraw patronage from that popular resort, something would be done to change the conditions under which these animals are kept.

Relief for Work-Horses

During the past month and up to August 5, our watering stations in Boston, at each of which a man is employed, report that horses were given refreshing drinks 10,143 times. Who will mark these figures? We know of no greater or more timely service that can be rendered in aid of needy and well-deserving animals than to provide them with one of life's greatest essentials.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers	16,401
Cases investigated	327
Animals examined	5,682
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	34
Horses humanely put to sleep	19
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,668

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	37,227
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	10

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Brooxxe B. Williams and Annie Bolton Matthews Bryant of Boston, and Mary B. Johnson of Ayer.

August 8, 1933

The annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will take place Thursday, December 14, at the Copley Plaza, Boston. It is for the benefit of the Angell Animal Hospital.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Cases entered	698	Dispensary	Cases	2,325
Dogs	507		Dogs	1,862	
Cats	179		Cats	412	
Birds	6		Birds	41	
Horses	4		Goats	3	
Rabbit	1		Rabbits	2	
Rat	1		Horses	2	
			Rats	2	
			Chameleon	1	
Operations	818				

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915	112,662
Dispensary Cases	254,553

Total 367,215

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Some Prosecutions for July

For cruelly overcrowding and transporting two cows and twenty-five calves in a motor truck with size of body 7 x 10½ feet, an offender was found guilty and fined \$50.

A defendant who had charge and custody of a pair of horses was convicted of subjecting them to unnecessary suffering. Each horse was being worked with suppurating sores under collar. Horses were taken from work and sent to stable. Offender was fined \$25.

For knowingly and wilfully permitting a cow to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, defendant was fined \$50 with payment suspended for one month. When his neighbor's cows broke into his cornfield he took custody of them, during which time one was so badly injured that it had to be destroyed.

This is the season when careless vacationists are likely to abandon their pets, especially cats. To any person in Massachusetts interested to post it in a conspicuous place, we will send without charge a card reading: REWARD OF \$20 offered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for evidence which will convict for the criminal offense of ABANDONING A CAT. Francis H. Rowley, President.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

"Daisy" Day on Cape Cod

DAISY Day on Cape Cod, August 5, sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., with Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, acting as chairman, and Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, vice-president, as treasurer, proved to be a real success. The general interest and co-operation of the people throughout the Cape testified to the untiring energy of our very efficient officer, Harold G. Andrews of Hyannis, who arranged for the following captains: Miss Jean Hinkle, Osterville; Mrs. Lee, Harwich; Miss Vida Preston, Dennisport; Mrs. C. Dodds, Dennis; Miss Catherine Eldredge, Orleans; Mrs. Don Trayser, Hyannis; Miss Maud Doane, Chatham; and Mrs. Herbert McLane, Falmouth. Their helpers numbered about one hundred. The day was ideal and the people were in a responsive mood, so that a very generous amount was collected for the work for animals on the Cape, where the Society hopes to build an animal shelter when sufficient funds have been received.

Officers Elected in Taunton

At the annual meeting of the Taunton Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held in July, these officers were elected: Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, president; Mrs. Charles P. Finnegan, vice-president; Mrs. Thomas H. Caswell, secretary; Mrs. Charles M. Taylor, treasurer; and Miss M. Emma Burt, press correspondent. This is the organization formerly known as the Animal Welfare Workers, which changed its name when it became affiliated with the Massachusetts Society last April. The annual reports showed homes found for 66 dogs and three cats, and 35 lost dogs returned to their owners. Many other cases were investigated and relieved. Dr. James H. O'Brien is now agent for the Society.

"Schneider"

Editor, Our Dumb Animals:—

I wish I might express what the death of a dog truly means to a person who really loves his dog. Yet, to convey to others this loss I find words and expressions so inadequate that I do not know what to say to do so. To some people a dog is—just a dog, "a dumb animal," easily replaced by another. Truly, I can get another dog—a man can get another wife, or perhaps a child but its not the same wife or child and it never will be—equally so it's not the same dog. I hav'nt just lost a dog, "a dumb animal," I have lost my best friend, one whose unselfish devotion, whose understanding, whose love, sincerity and cheerfulness cannot be replaced, and now I feel all alone, alone with only my memories of him, and with the hope that some day I may again be with him. And so, you who love your dog, you, to whom a dog is something more than a quadruped, make the most of him for the short time you will have him, treat him kindly, patiently, and be to him what he has tried all his life to be to you, and when he passes away let him still live in your heart, and then, to you, he will never die, then you will continue to derive comfort from him as you have, no doubt, done many times in the past.

Belmont, Mass. C. S. HARRINGTON



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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Humane Education in Schools

HUMANE Education is on the curriculum of schools in several states to the south of us. It should be on the curriculum of every school in the world. It should have a place on the course of every university, for it is the foundation of peace, security and prosperity. It is the antidote to the crime wave that is inundating the world, and the heartlessness that says that might is right. It is the cure for war of every description. It is the thing that will pull the world out of its plight; for man's inhumanity to animals is the pavement to man's inhumanity to man, which is the cause of most of the world's misery.

—*Animal Life* (Toronto)

Australia is the only country that has black swans and previous to 1901, when the Australian states became a Commonwealth, the black swan was pictured on all Western Australian stamps.

My Wild Bird Guests

WILL A. BARTON

ONE part of my house has for many years been the target for investigation by flickers. They have the walls pierced with several holes to their credit. I used to patch the holes they made, but I found that did not answer, for they would open them up again right away, so I quit trying to keep them out. About eight or nine years ago some little bluebirds called on me in the spring; they were wishing to rent homes for the summer. One couple inspected the bird-house on a pole, thought it all right, and took possession. The other couple spied Mr. Flicker's holes in the house, they investigated them and chose a hole that was about two inches above the floor of the upper room where I slept and within three or four feet of my bed. Observing their wishes, I put an empty box in front of the hole, and they started right in to building their nest in it.

A day or two later I had a call from two kingbirds wishing to rent a home. After looking the ranch over they picked on the opposite end of the bird-house to that already occupied by the first couple of bluebirds. Now the door on this end of the bird-house is boarded up as after building it I thought that it was not large enough on the inside for two nests. After trying for some time to get in this end they gave up the effort and built their nest on the stoop that projects out in front of the door. One morning soon after, when I went outside, there lay their nest on the ground. The wind had blown it down. I picked up the nest and put it in a box and shaped it up as best I could, then nailed the box to the pole just below the bird-house. The kingbirds were watching me, and as soon as I got through they flew to the box, repaired the nest, and then settled themselves down. With this little army of watchmen Mr. Flicker was compelled to keep away from the house all summer.

The birds that lived in the bird-house came back two or three years, but the couple that took up their abode in the house have come back every year since, although they had unpleasant things happen to them in 1931 and in 1932. In 1931 they had been very busy raising a little family of four. I had been keeping good watch of the little fellows and they were about ready to fly. It was in the afternoon when I noticed that the parents were acting strangely near the entrance to their nest, so I went upstairs and looked in at the nest and I saw that the little fellows were gone and the bull-snake that had been living in my root cellar was coiled up in the nest. I promptly got Mr. Bullsnake back to his cellar. I saw that he had not got the birds, for they were in the trees on the river bank near by.

In 1932 a second unpleasantness happened to them. They had four eggs in the nest, then the flickers began to bother them and cause them to stay away from their nest. In a short time I found that the flickers had destroyed the eggs. The bluebirds then left, but one of the flickers has roosted in that box every night since, coming in just before dusk and leaving just before daylight in the morning.

A few weeks ago my bluebirds came back and wished to use their old home, so I put a

Fez Report

THE fall in value of the dollar has seriously reduced purchasing power of the money we have to send for the maintenance of the Fondouk. This compels us to limit the number of large animals we can care for within its enclosures. The situation will be much worse when the harvesting season is over and many of the horses, mules and donkeys taken out there for hire are returned to the city. Meanwhile all that can be done for animals that we cannot take in the Fondouk is being done both in the 70 native fondouks and about the streets.

Here is one of the many incidents of a day's work reported from the Fondouk:

"As I walked through Medina today a man led me to a cellar-like stable where we found a donkey almost dead from hunger and thirst, and in a terrible general state, though quite a fine donkey. It also had a terrible knock over its right eye. I fear it may be too far gone to cure, but we must do our best. Also must try and find the owner."

N. B. This donkey went out cured three weeks later. We found the owner and apparently the donkey had been stolen and hidden in the cellar where the thief never dared to return and collect his stolen goods. The gratitude of the owner was touching."

Monthly Report

June, 1933 — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	45.5	
Forage for same		\$64.36
Daily average dogs	6.8	
Forage for same		4.63
Put to sleep	9	.74
Transportation		3.37
Wages, grooms, etc.		86.33
Inspector's wages		22.28
Superintendent's salary		123.76
Assistant's salary		61.88
Veterinary's salary		19.80
Motor allowance		12.37
Sundries		24.71
		<hr/> \$424.23

Entries: 11 horses, 19 mules, 48 donkeys.

Exits: 8 horses, 19 mules, 34 donkeys.

SUPT.'S NOTES: Visits to 70 Native Fondouks; Visits made during month, 700; animals seen, 7,732; animals treated, 2,310; animals transferred to American Fondouk, 47.

fresh piece of tin over their hole with a smaller hole in it. I also put a false floor in the box which makes an upstairs and a downstairs. The bluebirds stay downstairs and the flicker stays upstairs, as he has his own entrance near the top of the box.

Do you not think that there are signs that these birds did some thinking during the several happenings? I do, I also think the snake did some thinking, for he had to come from the cellar which is some forty feet from the house, then climb up the side of the house to the entrance to the bird-box which is nine feet from the ground, and looks to me like a very difficult climb, a straight-up wall.

Retired Workers' Fund

Gifts of \$6,067 have been received for the American Humane Education Society's trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

Your contribution to this fund will be most welcome. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Equus et Motorbus

DON C. SEITZ

*The horse he is a kind beast,
And uses every care,
But the motor is a blind beast
And does not see you're there.*

*The horse he is a mute beast,
And rarely says a neigh,
But the motor is a brute beast
And roars on its way.*

*The horse he is a mild beast,
And lets you pat his head,
The motor is a wild beast
And butts you till you're dead!*

Disposal of Old Horses

LESTER BANKS

IN Seattle recently a number of aged horses, public servants that had outlived their capacity for their jobs, were sold to the highest bidders. A part of the buyers' contract was to provide good homes, not re-sell the animals, and not give them any heavy work.

I wish that aged horses everywhere could be so protected; but the fact is that cruelty to worn-out horses, frequently on a whole-sale basis, is very common.

Every farmer should know exactly the what-and-how of disposal before he sells an old horse. Some aged animals have been simply turned out in the woods or swamps to die, which of course brings legal action against the owner, if the crime can be fastened on him. But where one farmer does that, there are dozens who think it entirely all right to sell the animal to some shipper who is collecting old horses for a fox-farm, chicken-food manufacturers, or such.

"Something's better than nothing," reasons the farmer; "I can get two or three dollars for him; and unless I accept it I'll have to put a bullet in the old fellow."

In many cases, use of the bullet would be by far the more humane course; because fearful cruelties by these shippers have been reported—trips of many days' duration without food or water, and such close loading in railroad cars that some of the weakest animals were crushed or trampled to death.

I decline to believe that many farmers would for two or three dollars willingly subject a faithful old servant to such suffering. They do it unknowingly; but they are to blame for taking any chances. Always they can report to the nearest humane society, and the aged horse will be taken off their hands, either to be placed in a good home or put out of his misery painlessly.

It seems to me that true sentiment is involved in parting with a horse after he has grown old in the owner's service. Regularly, sick or well, and without complaint, he has answered the daily call for perhaps a decade. When a man has made hundreds of dollars from the labor of an animal, how can he stoop to the thought of two or three dollars when to accept that price exposes the helpless animal to a risk of suffering?

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

Miss Springtime—Show Mare

ELLEN H. JONES

MY beautiful mare loves so to show that frequently out the gate we go! She's the handsomest, prancin'est, dancin'est thing that ever entered a horse show ring, with sweet, slim legs modeled straight and clean and the trimmest ankles ever seen. You'd never snatch her to "set" her head; that was accomplished when she was bred, and her tail was "set" in her breeding, too; she's a "lady of quality" through and through. My glorious gray, with markings black, is fussy about who's on her back; her mouth is tender as yours or mine; she'll guide with a yoke of silken twine, and Heaven help the yokel bold who'd mount my mare and then "take hold!" With all her spirit and all her life, she's sensible, sensitive, quick-thinking, right, as down the broad Main Street she goes, ears up, tail out, on twinkling toes. Traffic hinders her not a whit; she minces through the merest slit between a truck and a trolley car, and if steam roller the path should bar, suggesting a grand excuse to play, I murmur, "We haven't the time, today," and, bless her heart, she's on her way. Some folks, who think they horses know, declare "She's crazy," which goes to show they've a lot to learn ere themselves they set to judge the "breediest" equines' get. It seems to me that this horse show game for the av'rage ringside would be tame with only over-trained nags about, stepping up and down instead of out, so I show my mare with the restless feet to insure the grandstand "fans" a treat. With "foolish" directions like, "Walk, if you please," she just can't be bothered, preferring to "breeze." All the other entries resent my horse; she cribs the spotlight on any course, and while they gait their one, two, three, she pirouettes in impish glee around the ring, sweeping all before us. She's prima donna; they're just the chorus. The steward yells, "Can't you walk that jade?" I "holler" back, "No, sir; she'd rather parade!"

My beautiful mare loves so to show that frequently out the gate we go!

Says Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D. S. O., in "Modern Horse Management": "If the horse is a little warm when watered, he must be walked about for ten minutes before being put into the stable, to prevent the internal organs being cooled down too suddenly. He will then do far better than if left to cool before being watered. The horse must never be hurried while watering. Some horses drink very slowly and raise their heads several times. They should be allowed five minutes to drink."

Facts About Beasts

WILL HERMAN

THE kangaroo babies, when first born, are only one inch in length!

The flying lemur or galago, a native of the Indian Archipelago, leaps on an inclined plane a distance of over 300 feet!

Some other famous jumpers are the kangaroo, who is able to jump between fifteen and twenty feet on the level—and can easily overleap the ordinary hedges and fences. The springbok clears between thirty and forty feet at a jump—and the flying squirrel travels about fifty feet in the air before landing!

The elephant's trunk contains fifty thousand muscles—and is strong enough to lift a log and delicate enough to pick a pin from the ground.

The Arctic fox, the stoat and the blue or mountain hare change their color scheme in winter in favor of a white fur coat. This is done to protect themselves, since they can hardly be seen in the white background. However, there are many other animals that do the same.

Sheep gather together at the approach of a storm and find shelter under trees and hedges, long before others are aware of an impending rain.

The donkey was a beast of burden hundreds of years before horses were tamed.

A seal, although it spends almost all of its life in the water, is not a fish! It is an animal!

A camel's ability to go without food and water for long periods can be easily understood. The camel has four stomachs! It eats and stores its food in advance!

The giraffe can see behind him without turning his head. This is due to the great distance which his eye-balls extend from their sockets!

The beaver cuts down trees, trims trees, cuts them into logs, floats them down the river and, finally, builds its dams out of them.

The hippopotamus and elephant, two of the largest creatures, are vegetarians!



KENTUCKY BRED AND OWNED

Labrador Dogs

EWART YOUNG

ON the whole coast of rugged Labrador, the one and only source of motive power lies in the strong and 'savage' dogs, called "huskies," that are at large for seven months of the year.

The Labrador dogs are slightly-tamed wolves, and the proof of this can be evidenced in the howling that comes from the animals, especially at night. Sitting on their haunches, with heads upturned, they howl and moan and screech by turns, making such a weird, uncanny noise-jumble that those who hear it for the first time often feel a cold shiver go down the spine, particularly if the cause of the din is unknown.

When first I went to the coast and listened in the dead of night to the combined howling of a dozen huskies just beneath my window, I certainly felt uneasy, but now I don't mind it any more than I did the roar and bustle of congested traffic when I lived in a city.

Labrador dogs grow very fast. June pups are broken in as soon as the snow comes, which is generally in November.

The "komatik and dog-team" can truly be termed the "Overland Limited" of Labrador. For no automobiles or trains are in use along the coastline, and no steamer or water-transportation in winter.

Each man has his own team of dogs. A good team consists of from six to ten animals, but a lot of the men have only three to five. They find this satisfactory for the wood-hauling and komatik driving they have to do. Mail carriers and drivers of teams "for hire," generally have ten huskies to make up their teams.

The team is harnessed to the komatik with long seal-skin traces. There is a distance of two yards between each dog, and in a team of six dogs the head one, or "leader" as he is called, is some twenty-five yards from the komatik. It is upon this leader that the responsibility of the team depends, in a measure. The driver has his leader trained to follow directions. When he calls out, "Rudder! Rudder!" the leader turns to the left, and the team follows. "Uck! Uck!" turns the dogs to the right, and "Haw! Haw!" brings the team to a halt.

Going down grade, the speed of the komatik is arrested by a piece of steel chain called a "drag," which is placed over the runner of the sled, and drags in the snow.

Labrador dogs make good speed for their size. They usually average from six to eight miles an hour. Their power of endurance and enormous strength are great essentials for the work they have to do.

One day last March I drove fifty-odd miles into the interior, in company with two other men, on a team of eight dogs. The dogs did not seem to be tired after the long and hard journey and I wondered at their ability to last out.

When one spends a winter on Labrador, and has the opportunity to go "randying" on "komatik and dog-team," in my opinion, he is having one of the most thrilling experiences in this life.

Don't believe the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers.

SURGEON



Trained by Kindness

PEGGY HARRIS

I HAVE been told repeatedly that the only way to train a dog to perform a difficult feat is through fear of the whip. I have watched a trainer of dogs and horses put them through their stunts and could readily tell that all had felt the cut of the whip in his hand. There was a tenseness, a strained watching of him that spoke eloquently for the crack of this whip they jumped to obey.

But at last my own opinion has been vindicated! I have found a dog to whom a whip has no meaning! Even scoldings are an almost unheard of thing in "Pups" seven years. Yet she has been taught to assist her master, who is night foreman of the round-house in such a remarkable way that it has drawn considerable attention to her.

The foreman's work calls for many trips out into the railroad yards after different men. One day he conceived the idea of teaching Pups to perform this duty. Patiently and with persistent kindness he began teaching her the names of all the men connected with him and about where they could be found in the yards. In an amazingly short time she had all this learned and then, one night, he sent her after her first man.

She chose her own method of summoning him to the boss. Trotting up to the man she placed her forepaws as high on his chest as she could reach. Jumping down, she then ran a little way towards the roundhouse. This she repeated until he followed her. Now they know instantly what is wanted when she leaps against them, for at no other time does she greet them in this particular way.

No matter where the man wanted is she hunts until she finds him and has never failed to bring in to her master the right man. Besides this she has learned innumerable small tricks, as well as being his alarm clock when it is time for him to start to work.

"Keep a dog's mind free of fear of you and not only is he yours, body and soul, but he will learn much quicker what you want of him through very love of obeying you," said this man, who has created one dog a paradise and won an unerring helper and adoring worshiper.

...

There is a white rhinoceros, rare, but found in Zululand and in a few other parts of Africa. It is the largest land mammal except the elephant, often six feet high.

We Are All Dog Conscious

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

WE not only like a dog "in the flesh," but we like him when he is pictured. How we are attracted to the store window where the likeness of a wise-looking Scottie or a black-eyed fox terrier is shown. Artists, photographers and etchers have all studied to fill our need. But not until recently has the advertising man realized that we are so "dog conscious."

"Nipper," the fox terrier who listens with head cocked to his master's voice, we have known for years. Accustomed to him, it is almost startling to see he has changed his position. But, anyhow, it is a more comfortable one. Nipper was a real dog who posed for the man who pioneered in the use of dogs in advertising. A dog lover himself, he realized the appeal, and today that likeness has enormous value.

Another real dog who likes to have his picture taken is "Tommy Tucker" the wire-haired terrier. Recently his portrait covered a half-page in our national home journals. For the past year and more we have been constantly meeting the two black Scotties who peer at us, always listening. We have not tired of their naturalness yet; still smile at them.

Russian wolfhounds appear in pictures, aristocrats of dogdom denoting the appeal of quality. Again, a fine looking police dog catches and holds our eyes as he plays with and guards the children. And who will forget the appeal of the bright-eyed and intelligent Boston terrier as he lies by the fire? Of course we'll let the puppy do it!

Dogs have led the way in the enlivening of the pages of magazines and rotogravure sections of newspapers. Other animals are following, calling to something deep within us. As we turn the pages we come upon a young fawn, startled, ready to flee. Or a colt, body perched high on stilt-like legs, his mother grazing quietly beside him. Even the wild birds are coming to brighten the pages, building up our innate affection for these admirable friends, a sympathy and a desire to protect them.

Self-Reliance

LOIS LYNCH

It happened at a boarding house on a downtown street of a Georgia city. The landlady and boarders were sitting on the front porch enjoying the cool of a late summer afternoon.

A pretty, though rather thin, black and white cat came up on the lawn, stopped in front of the electric sign, "Rooms and Board," and looked up as if he were reading it. He then walked up the steps, over to the landlady, looked up into her face and said, "meow."

"Yes," said the landlady, "I take boarders. Will you have a room and meals?"

"Meow," answered kitty, and walked through the door straight to the dining-room.

There was some steak left on the table, and you may be sure the lady gave it to him.

...

He who ill-treats animals is not worthy to be an Italian.

MUSSOLINI

Black and Blue but Blithe

CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

OUT in tree-dotted shrubby woods in summertime you may meet a most delightful little citizen who seems to think his mission consists of making our world a roundelay of happy existence. You may never have encountered him; if not, an enjoyable experience is waiting for you.

This fellow I have in mind is known as the indigo bird or indigo bunting. In the spectrum or rainbow scale of colors the indigo shade is preceded by violet and followed by blue. Though generally blue, the wings bear black tips scarcely noticeable. The bird's coat has an iridescence in sunlight whereby he acquires green highlights. The lustrous blue shines brightest on his back.

In size the indigo singer ranks with the sparrows, but not otherwise. Some of the sparrows are over-bold and some are too shy, but this wearer of feathers possesses neither fault. I have known him through a number of years without observing any undesirable qualities. His song is a gay rippling hurly-burly that will certainly lift the saddened person out of his sadness. He gives out more cheer to the cubic inch of his size than does any bird I have studied.

When the summer sun shines with its greatest ardor in August, the birds fold up their song shops and seek the deep shade. They surrender to the intolerable condition of extreme heat. Does the indigo fade away, too? No, indeed, he does not choose to be squelched. Through the woodland, silence reigns with the exception of the spot where he happens to be, and there the stillness is energetically assailed by his staccato notes. I usually find him perched on the dead limb of a beech half way up or even in its top.

Mrs. Indigo wears a leaf-brown costume trimmed in the slate gray of the catbird. Her modest attire blends so well with her surroundings that she can sit calmly on her nest and feel sure she will not be discovered or harmed. It is the business of the male bird to attract the eye of all possible marauders by his jaunty suit and bubbling melody, then to lead them craftily away from the nest and his patient mate.

What sort of a home do they have? It is a loosely-made tiny thing of twigs, grass, bark, leaves and rootlets tied up with horse-hair. A low bush or shrub seems to be the favorite nesting-place. Three or four eggs in a dainty shade of pale blue comprise the clutch. When the babies come the parents scurry about for weed seed and insects; but it is a hard job to keep the young ones supplied with enough food to quiet them.

Every home on the island of Java has its bird cages of turtle-doves or ring-tailed pigeons. Every morning these cages are hoisted upon tall poles and every night brought down to the houses. If the family goes on a journey the birds go, too.

Banks may fail, people may starve, earth may run red with wars, but the song of the robin—most cheerful sound in nature—goes on forever. So long as the robins return to us in the spring time, the world is not wholly lost.

—The Open Road

The Road Runner

MARVIN L. BURTON

THE road runner is the most interesting and entertaining of western birds.

One can not say that it is beautiful for it is neither brilliant in coloring nor particularly graceful in appearance. It is about two feet long, the tail being about half the length. It varies in color from a bluish-black to a greenish brown. The head is crested and the feathers of the head and neck are largely bristle tipped. The whole plumage is coarse and harsh. The upper parts of the body are conspicuously streaked with brownish-white and the chest is brownish-white streaked with black.

The road runner has been given the name *Geococcyx californianus*, which to the average person sounds as clownish as the antics of the bird itself. To the residents of the west it is just a road runner, chaparral cock, ground cuckoo, or snake-killer, depending on the particular location.

The name "snake-killer" by which it is sometimes known is derived from the fact that it will attack and kill rattlesnakes. It will circle and annoy a rattler and, watching its chances, dart in and strike with its strong beak. With remarkable swiftness it will retreat to safety before the snake has a chance to strike. A series of these attacks soon injures the snake to the degree to which the road runner can easily complete the execution.

The road runner, of solitary habit, is seen most often alone or in pairs; occasionally three or four are seen together but never more. The coloring blends with the surroundings in which it lives and it is not very noticeable. A person is amazed to see one of these birds dart out of the brush or hop out of a cactus and run swiftly along the road or desert, stop when a short distance away and slowly elevate and lower its long coarse tail. When in full flight the tail is carried out straight and the wings are slightly spread. When wishing to come to an abrupt stop, the road runner throws its long tail up over its back to stop itself. It can change the course of flight very quickly and is fully capable of taking care of itself. It can run very swiftly, being easily able to keep ahead of a horse and although reluctant to leave the ground,

it is capable of doing so. If closely pursued it will fly a short distance and most likely light in a low bush or cactus.

While shy and solitary in its habits, the road runner can easily be tamed and will repay anyone for the trouble in amusement at its queer antics. It will also keep the premises free from lizards, centipedes, mice, etc.

The mating call is a low-toned coo-coo from which it takes the name of ground cuckoo. When excited it makes a chattering b-r-r-r sound by a rapid snapping of its beak. It nests in low bushes or cacti. Its nest is compactly built of sticks and lined with feathers or other light materials. The eggs are white or pale yellow and vary in number from three to nine. In size they are slightly larger than the eggs of the pigeon, and are laid over a considerable period of time. Often newly laid eggs and young birds are found in the same nest.

The diet of the road runner consists of lizards, snails, centipedes, grasshoppers, beetles, caterpillars and small snakes. Some people claim that it also makes an occasional meal of quail eggs but there is no authentic proof of this.

Because of Birds

MAGDALENE G. CLARK

*Because of one loved bird that raises safe,
In shelter of his cage, his carolings,
I'd harbor every feathered waif
That goes on wings.*

*Because of birds with pinions spreading free,
I cherish more the one that, captive sings,
And reaches heaven tunelessly
On ether wings.*

*Because of birds that soar on wings of song,
Or pinions widely flung in flashing flights,
I too, in spirit, wing along
To greater heights.*

**In making your will, please remember
the American Humane Education Society
of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.**



"THE MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING OF WESTERN BIRDS"

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Twenty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported during July. Of these, 19 were in Virginia, four in Tennessee, and one each in Georgia, Illinois and Vermont.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 196,184

Lawn Party in Brookline

Another delightful Band of Mercy lawn party was given by Mrs. Alice B. Hutchins, an enthusiastic humane worker, at her home, 40 Atherton Road, Brookline, Mass., on Tuesday, July 11. The grounds were decorated with Band of Mercy banners and flags. Peanut races and potato races, with other games, were enjoyed by the children. Refreshments were served at small tables on the lawn.

Miss Virginia W. Sargent, president of the Animal Relief and Humane Education League of Washington, D. C., awarded prizes of books promoting kindness to animals and subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* to pupils in the fifth and sixth grades of the public schools of that city for essays submitted in a recent contest. More than 175 essays were received.

The Gardener's Weather Prophet

THE chewink is one of the most attractive and desirable of birds. While not very shy of man he does not intrude his company upon him, preferring the quiet of deep woods and dense hedges. Coming up from the South in the spring, he stays all summer and his notes can be heard morning, evening and through the day. He is of the robin family and his commonest names are chewink and towhee. These two names bear some resemblance to the two songs he sings the most.

His "chewink," or low note, is his day song, sung while he scurries along on the ground among low bushes, and is of low pitch, denoting a bird of great vitality. His "towhee" is his high note, or evening song, and he sings this while up in the top of a forty-foot tree. He starts this song loud and high, then ends in a sort of trill slightly resembling a lullaby.

He is the gardener's friend because it is said, and I believe it to be true, that he never sings in the spring till all killing frosts are over. How he knows, of course cannot be told. Like all members of the robin family he is decidedly insectivorous and is very desirable to have around shrubbery, hazel brush and hedges. W. M.



Became of Age Last Fall

SPORT," the fine old yellow Persian cat who reached his majority last fall and is still going on strong into his twenty-second year, spends most of his time during these hot days in the cool rock garden of his owner, Mrs. Harold D. Spicer of Paw Paw, Michigan.

Although he has but one tooth and, at times, it is rather hard for him to masticate his food, yet he is so youthful in his ideas and is so well most of the time, that he is surely entitled to live out his days in peace. All he asks is his few bites of round steak and his dish of cream daily. He is content to sleep the rest of the time away. When his mistress is in the garden he follows her about like a dog and is never content unless he knows exactly where she is during his waking hours when he is always found at her feet. Sport was a kitten of a few weeks old when he came to the Spicer home in 1911.

Cats and Field Mice

WILLIS MEHANNA

I am not extra fond of cats but I am sure they have a mission on the farm. All farmers know that to have a good crop of red clover seed there must be lots of bumblebees. Red clover is a cross fertilizer and bumblebees are the only kind of bees that have a long enough honey-digger to reach into the clover bloom far enough to get the honey. In doing this they carry pollen from plant to plant and a crop of seed is insured.

The bumblebee usually has his nest on top of the ground in the clover field and the field mice destroy the little bumblebees and the stored honey. Cats keep the field mice in check, sometimes nearly exterminating them. Without the bumblebee red clover would become extinct and without the cat to kill off the meadow mice the bumblebee would become extinct. I think we had better let the cat live awhile yet.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. ADDISON

"Ben" and "Bump"

GWENNIE JAMES

SOMEWHERE in the paleolithic period of my childhood development, I became acquainted with "Ben" and "Bump." They were princely souls, even though their life task—pulling an ice-wagon—was a lowly one. Ben was mine, and was black; Bump was chestnut, and belonged to my brother. The prior rights of the ice company, of course, were merely nominal, and disturbed us not in the least; besides, they served as a real convenience in the matter of feeding and housing. Ben was hoary and scarred; Bump was bright and strong and shiny.

At seven-thirty every morning, Ben and Bump drew up in the alley below our kitchen-window. Immediately my brother and I would dash out to them, each of us carrying an apple carefully halved and cored. As we passed the little window on the back porch, we would lean out and chant, "Here we come, Ben and Bump!" It was a rite and a custom. Strange and empty would have seemed the day when Ben and Bump were not fed their apples.

For over a year this was enacted daily. The horses learned to expect their juicy tidbit. When we sang our little song through the back-porch window, their tired heads would jerk up. They stamped, and fidgeted, and strained their heads toward the alley gate whence, in a moment, would come bursting two small children with their hands full of apples.

Morning after morning we never missed. Once we both had colds; then it behooved our mother to put on an old sweater and run out into the icy alley to feed the horses. Sometimes I had earache, and was obliged to watch from the kitchen window while my brother fed Ben for me. This was a deprivation, but had the advantage of enabling one to enjoy in full the tossing heads, the dripping mouths, the faithful stamping and dancing with which the two old slaves responded to the clarion call from the back porch. Their response seemed a marvelous and beautiful phenomenon to me. Years later, when I studied in psychology about the mouth-watering of the dog when he hears the bell ring which has regularly heralded his meals, I could not quell a little ache of disappointment. Was it then only a mechanical reaction—that which had always been so vivid and emotional and beautiful?

Of course the horses could not stay forever. Bump was the first to go. Ben remained for several years, appearing and reappearing, but at last he, too, failed to return. Sometimes I wonder (though feeling it ungracious) just how many pecks of apples were lavished upon the horses during that year or two in which we fed them. Of a certainty, the greater joy was to ourselves. Sometimes of late, pondering on my own uselessness, I think of Ben and Bump, and am comforted. Harness-scarred, work-worn old plodders—yet they had the gallant souls of a Pegasus. And just as their staunch hearts were cheered by our funny, verse-like, morning call, so is mine today when I think of it—

"Here we come,
Ben and Bump!"



VACATION COMPANIONS

Must Be Kind to Animals

IN a public speech Sir Robert Gower, M. P., chairman of the Royal S. P. C. A., said: "Some time ago I was walking down Bond Street, W., and saw a poor, miserable cat in the road which looked as if it would be run over. A ragamuffin dashed into the road, caught the cat at the risk of his own life, and placed it on the pavement.

"I went to him and said, 'I am chairman of the R. S. P. C. A., and would like your name.'

"'Garn,' replied the boy. From his attitude it appeared that he did not believe me, and I said, 'I am what I say I am and would like your name and address to recommend you for a medal. Wouldn't you like a medal?'

"The little ragamuffin turned and said, 'A gentleman told us we had got to be kind to animals and not expect any reward.' The lad then turned on his heels and bolted."

—R. S. P. C. A. Journal

"A boy and his dog make a glorious pair,
No better friendship is found anywhere,
They will walk, they will talk, they will romp, they will play,
And hold some deep secret for many a day,
That boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels,
Who walks down the road, with a dog at his heels."

The Little Baby Rabbit

ALICE PAULINE CLARK

*When I was in the woods today
Alone, as is my habit,
A lovely playmate came to me,—
A little baby rabbit!*

*He nestled to my feet, afraid
Of some strange thing or other;
By little wistful ways he had,
I thought he'd lost his mother.*

*He let me stroke his soft, young fur
And cuddled closer to me.
I took him right up on my hand;
He seemed to feel he knew me.*

*I fed him, and I let him go,
You see I had to let him;
For if his mother went to call
She would come back and get him.*

*And if she couldn't find her child
She would be sad and worried.
So I said, "Good-bye," and softly kissed
The white spot on his forehead.*

*Each time I think how dear and soft
And warm he was, I miss him.
I wonder if it made him proud
To have a lady kiss him!*

The Alligator Family

SUSAN B. ALLEN

HAVE you ever seen a mother alligator as she stands guard over her nest of eggs? She looks very warlike. She builds her nest in tiers, somewhat like the muskrat, and without any assistance from Father Alligator.

She chooses a spot along the bank of the water which she inhabits and there she spreads a layer of mud and grass or leaves and on this she places some ten to twenty-five eggs; then above this she spreads another layer of mud and leaves about seven inches thick and another group of eggs carefully covered, then on top of this a third layer of mud and leaves with its group of eggs. Since she lays anywhere from 25 to 75 eggs, why, her nest-building is quite a job. The eggs are hatched out with the combination of the heat of the sun and the decaying leaves, and, my, how closely she guards against intruders!

The little 'gators are about eight inches long when they hatch out, and such helpless little things! As soon as they are able to move about the mother leads them to the water and cares for them much as the hen mothers her little baby chicks. As they follow their mother about they whine and yelp like little puppies.

Many people think alligators grow slowly but, according to Dr. Schmidt, assistant curator of zoology, we learn that often by the time they are fifteen years old they measure twelve feet in length. In the United States they are found in the warm waters of the southern Mississippi and in the swamps of the Florida Everglades.

Various Sparrows

ETHEL MARY BAKER

TO some, any kind of sparrow is just another sparrow. Filthy little feathered pests, noisy and quarrelsome. True, the common English sparrow was never blessed with a musical voice and he perpetually carries a chip on his shoulder, but he has his good points too. But even though he didn't would hardly be a logical reason for condemning all of the many kinds of sparrows.

Silver sweet notes often float through my window when it is pitch dark outside and I listen enthralled to our northern nightingale, the Gambel sparrow, singing. One often sees him with a flock of English sparrows. He is a trifle larger and is easily distinguished by bars of black and white on the crown of his head.

The western lark sparrow closely resembles the Gambel, having those same black and white bars but with an added patch of rich chestnut on each side of his head. He likes either a low bush or a clump of grass to nest in. The Baird sparrow, a common inhabitant of the prairies, likes solitude and also nests upon the ground. He is a trim little fellow with rather pointed tail feathers. The western grasshopper sparrow also prefers dry fields and pastures where he is assured of a sumptuous living. His sweet, low, lisping song may be heard at almost any time during a summer day.

The plucky little desert sparrow braves the heat of arid regions for the privilege of building his nest in sage or cactus, and perhaps because he, too, loves the quiet, the night breezes whispering across the desert. The shy little sage sparrow also haunts regions where sage is abundant, but his song is seldom heard except during the mating season. The western vesper sparrow is really a handsome fellow with chestnut shoulders and outer white tail feathers. He sings late in the evening.

Song sparrows, whose lovely melody may be heard in every state in the Union, vary in color in different localities, being darker in the moisture-laden regions and lighter in the arid. Tree sparrows, who nest in the far north, visit us only during the winter, finding their food in clusters of weed seeds rising above the snow. The song of the male resembles that of the goldfinch and he is not at all backward about entertaining us at a time when most of our birds are songless.

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal acts.



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BRIGHT EYES

Vacationists everywhere are warned not to abandon their pets. The sight of numerous neglected and starving cats at seashore and other resorts is a sad reflection upon the thoughtlessness and selfishness of summer visitors.

Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe. They pay from 4 to 8%—according to your age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now.

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Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address
City State

The frog when engaged in seeking food can see the insects only when they are moving.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property), describe the property).

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE CAT IN THE MYSTERIES OF RELIGION AND MAGIC, M. Oldfield Howey.

This is probably the most unique book about cats yet written. From the rather bizarre frontispiece, which shows the sacrifice of an intruder in the shrine of the goddess Bast, to the final chapter dealing with Manx legends, we follow the cat through a glorious and a terrible past. We cannot list titles of all the thirty-five chapters, but an idea of the contents may be obtained from these selections: "The Cat and the Serpent," "The Cat in Chaldean and Egyptian Magism," "Christ and the Cat," "Witches in Cat Form," "The Cat in Paradise," "Demon Cats," "Cats as Omen of Death," "Clairvoyant Cats," and "The Cat in Heraldry." The author finds that the emblem of the cat in symbolism is one of the utmost antiquity. The cat is the symbol of good and of evil, of light and of darkness, of Christ and of Satan, of religion and black magic, of sun and of moon, of father, mother, and son. "The cat, like the serpent, conveys, though necessarily imperfectly, the thought that God is all." The student of life's mysteries will find in these pages much of absorbing interest. There are many illustrations, all printed on heavy paper, which add greatly to the fascination of the book.

354 pp. 15/net. Rider & Co., Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.

ANIMAL MANAGEMENT

A survey of the contents of this volume indicates that a very thorough and complete work was accomplished. It was prepared in the veterinary department of the British War Office and bears all the official earmarks. Of its eleven chapters nine relate to the horse—the horse as bred, trained and employed for warfare. A single chapter treats of the donkey, camel, ox and water buffalo, and a final one the prevention and first aid treatment of disease. To those who are in any way associated with the horse or his interests this exhaustive treatise, almost an encyclopedia, in itself, and produced by experienced, practical horsemen, will be a most useful and acceptable guide. Numerous diagrams and photographs graphically explain many phases of the subject.

379 pp., 3s., 6d., net. Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.

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to